



CHRISTINA J. LOREN
TURNED



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by Christina Jade Loren

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To every person looking for the one to “turn” them.

A flicker of movement yanked Nathan's attention from his meal. He jerked his fangs from his prey's throat in time to catch a glimpse of his voyeur. A man dressed in black, dark hair, built darted across the alley's entrance...then he was gone. A breeze drifted through the alley carrying with it the male's sent—human. Not unusual, considering the human race outnumbered his by something like a few billion. But what he found more interesting was that the scent carried not a trace of fear. Intriguing, since the man had witnessed something that he'd probably only seen portrayed on late night television. Nathan drew in another deep breath through his nostrils. Residual traces of his favorite cologne, Hugo Boss, teased his senses. He'd have to admit, the human had good taste. But along with the fragrance, something else lingered in the air... His cock twitched as the familiar telltale molecules registered in his brain: arousal.

Blood dripped onto his hand, reminding him that he'd been in the process of feeding. He glanced back at the current unconscious male in his hands. Tonight's victim was a male in his late thirties, dirty

blond hair, rust colored eyes, and a thick set jaw. Nathan found that men with these traits tasted more like biting into a pear rather than an apple. The sweetness that flowed through the arteries of a blue-eyed man, though, sent shivers down Nathan's spine. They were sweet but tart, and his preferred meal. This particular male may not have been his preference, but he'd been too easy to refuse.

Nathan's gut tightened, demanding the rest of its meal. Judging from his hunger, it had been months since he'd last fed. Too long for a vampire who was accustomed to feeding weekly. Ever since the rash of mysterious world-wide disappearances and deaths in 2032, the world had become more and more fearful, suspicions ran high that perhaps vampires roamed the streets. The result of which made the hunt for a meal an ever growing difficult task. Let alone a snack. Nathan lowered his head and returned to the blond's vein, filling his own depleted ones.

With his hunger sated once more, Nathan ditched the unconscious body in a nearby bush. As he straightened, the feeling of being watched returned. He scanned his surroundings. At the other end of the corridor and across the street, he spotted the human male from earlier. The dark-haired man stared from his relaxed position against the door of a parked car. He was too far away to take in the details of his face, but Nathan couldn't miss the way the stranger rubbed his crotch. *What the fuck?*

He'd never met a human so bold, especially not after what this one had witnessed. Nathan moved closer. But before he could reach him, a (Denver city) cab pulled up behind the other car, the man jumped into the back, and then he was gone. *Damn!*

For the next two weeks, the same sensation pricked Nathan's senses while he fed. What did his midnight voyeur want? And he knew it was the same mysterious man who watched, because each time, Nathan's cock would twitch when the male's cologne hit his nose. So clever the way this dark stranger masked his personal scent with the delicious fragrance.

Unlike previous humans Nathan had encountered, this one was an expert at playing the game of hide and seek. At least that's what Nathan had thought, until the next night when their game took an unexpected turn.



Nathan sulked down the moonlit path like a predator that had lost his prey. He was hungry and could really go for a built middle-aged man with short brown hair, blue eyes, smooth skin...

Half-way down the block, Nathan spotted his next prey: a brunet man who appeared to be in his early thirties getting out of a cab. Nathan remained hidden in the shadows as he darted across the poorly lit street and planned his next move. A faint breeze swept through the empty street, and Nathan got a whiff of his victim's cologne: Hugo Boss. He froze. *Could it be?* After so many nights of the human staying just out of reach, it couldn't be this easy to stumble on him? The man opened the door to the apartment building and walked inside. He watched the five-story building and waited until a light came on inside one of the dwellings.

Gotcha.

Nathan was an expert at getting inside of homes; he just lacked restraint from that point forward. He wanted to drain every guy he sank his teeth into.

He crossed the street and made his way to the alley. Nathan scaled the metal rungs of his prey's fire escape with ease and reached the third floor in seconds. Perched on the escape outside his target's window, he peered inside.

There he was, undressing down to his Calvin Klein briefs. Nathan's cock twitched as he stared at the half naked man's ass. Mr. Calvin Klein turned, as if sensing the vampire's presence. His gaze slammed into Nathan's. The human's lips parted on what looked like a gasp, but he didn't retreat. *Strange.* Nathan opened the window and dropped inside. *Don't people lock their windows?*

The man stood there, staring. Nathan moved forward with a sly smile. *This was way too easy.*

"This won't hurt. I promise." Nathan lied through his teeth.

"That's not what I'm worried about," his prey replied.

Nathan stopped in his tracks. *What did he mean by that?* The man must have sensed Nathan's hesitation and spoke again.

"I'm Damien Meade." He reached out a hand. Nathan stared down at the man's open palm. *What the fuck?*

"I don't give a purple rat what your name is. You, my friend, are dinner," Nathan said and moved closer.

"I think you will, once you've had a taste of me." Damien paused then continued. "Go on. Have a nibble. I don't bite back"

He studied his prey once more and then advanced. Nathan stood face to face, chest to chest, crotch to crotch with Damien, but he never flinched. Instead, he smirked. What was this man up to?

Nathan snatched Damien's face with his left hand, and the man's lips parted on a sigh, forcing Nathan to swallow a groan. Damn this

guy had a kissable mouth. Pushing the thought to the back of his mind, he tilted Damien's head and plunged his fangs deep. A sharp inhale followed by moan rolled from the human.

Nathan yanked his teeth out. Gripping Damien by the chin, he jerked the man's head back to center. Damien's hooded deep blue eyes met Nathan's gaze. *Son of a bitch*. Nathan could swear the look on Damien's face said he was in the throes of a wet dream.

"Did you just fucking moan?"

"I did." Damien gave him a lazy smile. "Don't you?"

"What? Do I moan? What the hell kind of question is that?"

"It's an easy one." He shrugged. "Yes or no."

"No, I do *not* fucking moan when I bite someone. Do you think your broccoli moans when you bite into it? Do you moan if you bite into a big, thick, and juicy steak?"

"I moan if I have some other kind of big, thick, and juicy meat in my mouth."

Blood surged into Nathan's cock at the mental image. Who or what did this guy think he was playing with? The human had no idea what a lethal beast he was about to unleash.

"Are you going to continue to suck on my neck? I do have other things to do this evening. I was planning on pumping out a few if you catch my drift."

Nathan's cock pushed against his zipper as if begging for release. It was all he could do not to rock his hips into Damien's.

Damien glanced down. "Or would you like to help me with that bit?" he said as his hand settled over Nathan's cock and squeezed.

"You wouldn't know what to do with a vampire's cock if it slapped you in the face."

"Care to give it a try?" Damien moved his hand and rubbed his crotch against Nathan's. Nathan sucked in a breath at the feel of Damien's rock-hard shaft shoved next to his.

"There is one thing I have to do first. Sorry, Damien, but you should really be dead for this part." Damien eyes widened. Nathan tightened his hold on Damien's face, slanted his head, and latched onto the human's neck once more, draining his sweet nectar. If Damien was a vampire, then Nathan could have all the fun he wanted, for as long as he wanted, and not have to worry about accidentally killing him.

Damien's arms circled him, and he ground his hips into Nathan's. *Fuck*. The way this human responded... Nothing had ever been hotter.

Damien's moans grew louder until Nathan thought he might come from the mere sound of his pleasure. Then suddenly, there was silence.

Damien's heart continued to faintly beat. He wasn't dead, just unconscious. With less human blood to transform, it would make turning him so much easier. He lifted Damien's limp body into his arms, carried him to the bed, and then lowered him onto the mattress.

Nathan took hold of his own wrist and bit into it. A metallic taste swarmed his mouth. He swallowed hard, rushing the flavor past his tongue and down his throat. Nathan always hated the taste of his own blood. He lifted his wrist to Damien's parted lips, allowing the blood to flow from the open vein and into his mouth. With his other hand, he pinched the man's cheeks, making sure the crimson liquid trickled down his throat. Killing such a cute face was going to be hard.

After a few moments, and a few ounces of blood, Nathan killed Damien. Killed in the sense that he would no longer be human but would live for all eternity.



Damien's eyes shot open. His head burned like an inferno, his mouth parched. He had an ache in his throat like water had not touched it in centuries. He lifted his arm, and ran his fingertips over his neck, searching for the reason behind his unusual symptoms. On the left side of his throat, the pads of his fingers slid over two small puncture holes with what felt like the dried remains of blood crusted around them. Memories flooded through Damien's head; ones that were not his but another man's: Nathan's.

"I didn't have time to wash you up. Sorry about that," a deep male voice called out from the bathroom.

"You turned me?" Damien cried out in a harsh wisp of a voice, squeezed his eyes back shut, and jammed his palms into his temples. Images shuttered through his mind's eye at a dizzying pace. Too fast. His stomach reeled.

"I told you it would hurt," Nathan said, his deep voice drawing near. "Oh, and those memories are mine. When turning a human, every memory from the vampire leaks into his new creation's mind."

"So your name is Nathan Luukas." Damien paused, allowing the memories to seep in and fill the gaps. "But your memories are from a feudal caste system. That means that you were born somewhere in Europe...Wait... That makes you...wow." Damien swallowed hard as the number registered in his head. "Three hundred and eighty-two?"

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"Not quite. I was born during the seventeenth century, the exact year I forget. It was shortly after Newton came about, that, I do remember."

"Still... that was at least three hundred and fifty years ago..." Damien recalculated the age over and over in his head.

"Yes. You should feed now so we can play."

At the suggestive tone in Nathan's voice, Damien eased his eyes back open and glanced up. "What is that?" He scrambled to push himself higher in the bed for a better look.

"It's not what. It's who. Your neighbor to be exact." Nathan dipped his head and indicated the human cradled in his arms. "Chatty Kathy if you ask me. She just wouldn't shut up about her cats and how many she had. It was all I could do to stop from killing her. She's our snack before playtime."

He set the woman down on the bed. The sound of her beating heart echoed in Damien's ears like a relentless drumbeat of life that he couldn't ignore. *Thud-thud. Thud-thud.*

Damien inched his way closer to the body. Soon, hunger became a driving voice in his head. *Feed. Drink.* The scent of fresh blood, still wet on her face, filled his nostrils. He bent over her neck. His hands trembled with hunger as he glanced up at Nathan. The tall, thin but muscular vampire stared back at Damien, displaying a tight body that begged to be pleased when feeding time was over. Nathan's slow nod of approval severed the last vestige of Damien's control. He lunged and sank his fangs into her yielding flesh.

An explosion of sweetness and a hint of metal hit his mouth. Damien's throat filled with warm blood. He was hesitant to swallow at first, but the drive to survive calmed his nerves as his new instincts took over. The thick burgundy nectar coated his lips and surged hot inside his veins. His cock grew with every swallow. Damien reached down and palmed his erection, rubbing it as the blood filled the shaft. Feeding had awakened the beast inside of Damien, one that needed to be satiated with more than blood alone.

"Be careful now—not too much. Don't kill her. When you release her, your saliva will heal her wounds. There'll be plenty more where that came from...after we have our fun." Nathan pressed into his back and shoved Damien's hand away, replacing it with his own. He massaged Damien's cock through the fabric of his underwear.

Damien moaned and released his first victim. "Are you ready to be my bitch?"

"Excuse me? Your bitch? I bit you remember?"

"True. But why do you think I left the window unlocked? And why do you think I made sure *you* were following *me*?"

"That was you these last two weeks, wasn't it? You baited me."

"We could call it that." Damien stared at the trickle of blood that leaked from the marks he'd left in Chatty Kathy's neck. "I've always fantasized about becoming one of you. You were my perfect opportunity."

Nathan pulled his hand away and took a step back.

"It's been five years, but I'll never forget the night of my twenty-first birthday. I'd gone partying downtown with a few of my friends. After getting so wasted that my guts were churning, I went outside behind the bar. I heard some strange noises coming from the other end of the Dumpster, so I moved a little closer for a better look... Shit." Damien shook his head at the vivid recollection. "I couldn't believe what I was seeing: a vampire had some chick or guy by the throat. I didn't get close enough to find out which, but I sobered up real quick. And I couldn't take my eyes off of him." Damien rotated his head and slowly raked Nathan with his gaze. "Since that night, I've never stopped fanaticizing about becoming one of you."

Nathan stood motionless.

"Move Mrs. Critchet and come over here." Damien patted the spot on the bed between him and his neighbor. "It's time we have some fun."

Nathan remained planted.

"Fine." Damien huffed. "I'll move her." He got up, turned around, and bent over to pick up the woman when a warm hand caressed his ass. Damien froze and sucked in a breath.

"So you do want to play," Damien smiled to himself as he lifted the body and walked over to his bedroom door. "Let me get rid of her. I'll be right back."

Moments later, Damien stepped back into his bedroom after ditching the woman's body in her apartment where she would be attended to by her cats until she regained consciousness. He couldn't help but grin at the sight that greeted him in his room. Nathan had made himself right at home. His long and lean frame lay stretched across his bed like some wild and hungry cat waiting for his prey to walk past, so he could take a bite off their ass. *Mmm...lucky prey.*

"Now where were we?" Damien sauntered toward Nathan as he rose from the bed. Face to face again, he reached down and palmed

Nathan. "Hard I see. Perfect." Nathan slowly backed away, but Damien matched him stride for stride until the wall at Nathan's back stopped his retreat. "I thought this is what you wanted?" Damien grinned.

He watched as Nathan's gaze explored his face and then came to rest on his mouth and new fangs. Damien's cock nudged his underwear, and he brushed his tongue across the sharp points. Nathan's eyes narrowed.

"It is. Well, kind of," Nathan whispered, his voice a tad hoarse, revealing the arousal hidden by his calm exterior. "I was expecting more...resistance."

Turning, Damien glided to the bed and sat on the edge. "I can resist. If that's what you want." He glanced in the direction of his sire and lifted a brow in challenge. "But only if you promise to not go easy on me." Nathan looked puzzled. "There is one nagging voice in the back of my head, though."

"Oh?" Nathan eased closer. "What exactly is that voice saying to you?"

"That I barely know you. What if you have some strange disease that I could die from?"

"Um...you're already dead."

"Right. Sorry, I keep forgetting about being dead." Damien fingered his fang.

"And besides," Nathan added. "What disease is possibly worse than being a vampire? I mean, sure there are perks, but one can only dwell alone in the darkness for so long." Nathan closed the distance between them and then sat on the bed beside Damien.

"Do you need some *pointers* on how to live with your... condition?" Nathan giggled, shaking the bed slightly.

"Maybe when we're finished," Damien replied, still playing with his new pointed object. "That would be great."

Damien glanced over at Nathan, giving him a smile and then leaned in, placing one hand on his groin. When his lips touched Nathan's, Damien felt as if life had been breathed back into his body. His cock stirred fiercely, like a tiger ripping apart his prey. He needed Nathan more than he'd ever expected. When he'd seen the male feeding two weeks ago, Damien knew he'd wanted this. Wanted him. But he had no idea that the connection he'd feel for the vampire would go beyond lust.

His tongue explored Nathan's mouth as if it were a new land, conquering each tooth, flicking his fangs. Nathan's eager tongue ran

along Damien's his teeth, sending shivers down his spine that ended in his waiting hole.

Nathan's cock stirred beneath Damien's palm with equal anticipation. Each time he pressed harder, Nathan's cock grew. Damien slid his zipper down, reached in with a few fingers, and massaged his cock through the tight briefs. A guttural moan escaped Nathan's throat, causing Damien to pull him down onto the bed, roll him onto his back, and straddle his hips. Damien slammed his lips into Nathan's. Driven by instinct and consumed by lust, Damien gyrated and ground his crotch into Nathan's, not letting him up for air. With Nathan's cock pressed against his, Damien couldn't miss the growing wetness in his underwear with what was to come.

Nathan suddenly pulled away from their kiss and flipped Damien onto his back.

"I thought I was dominating you, not the other way around," he said, forcing Damien's wrists over his head and pinning them to the mattress.

"Oh, Right." Damien smiled back. "So what are you waiting for?"

Nathan released his wrist and yanked at Damien's underwear, motioning for him to raise his hips. As he did, his underwear tickled the inside of his leg as they slid down and over his feet. Nathan picked them up from where they'd landed on the bed with his teeth and threw them across the room like a lion with a new toy. *Shit*. If possible, his cock grew even harder.

The cool breeze from the open window washed over Damien's naked body. A vivid contrast to the heat building inside him. He shivered, and his cock dripped with excitement.

Nathan crawled back up his body, stopping long enough to give each of Damien's nipples a hard pinch. An electric charge shot throughout Damien's body, causing his cock to flicker.

"Fuck," he cried out. "Everything feels so much better as a vampire."

"Oh just wait." He grinned. "You haven't felt anything yet." Nathan dipped his head, and his mouth closed around one of Damien's nipples. His tongue twirled around the sensitive tip, and Damien couldn't hold back his groan of approval.

His thumb and forefinger clamped onto Damien's other nipple. He squirmed under the exquisite pain as the vampire rolled the hard nub between his fingers. Damien groaned again. This time louder. Needing more, he took Nathan's head in his hands and pressed him further onto the sensitized flesh. He felt like he was going to explode.

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Nathan pulled his head free from Damien's hold.

"No..." Damien cried out. "Don't stop." Instead of a reply to his demand, Nathan continued to move lower, trailing kisses and licks all the way down his stomach to where his cock stood erect, dripping. The heat of Nathan's mouth passed his aching shaft and landed on his balls. Damien gasped for air.

"Okay," Damien managed to force out between pants. "I take it back. Please, keep going."

"Gladly," Nathan murmured from below.

First, there were kisses, then licks, and finally his warm, wet mouth surrounded Damien's right testicle. His cock twitched, gently tapping Nathan in the face. Nathan rolled the nut in his mouth, sucking, and rubbing it with his tongue. With a *pop*, he released it only to inhale the other one, giving it the same treatment as the first.

Damien arched from the bed. *Shit*. The familiar tingle gathered at the base of his spine. God, he was about to orgasm from getting his balls sucked. But it was too damn good to form any words and make him slow down.

As if sensing he was about to blow, Nathan released him. The vampire licked his way up to the head of Damien's cock, and then slid his lips over the top.

"Yes," Damien hissed, "Suck that cock, bitch."

Nathan's tongue worked the underside as he rolled his upper lip up and down the head. Damien shuttered, and with a sigh, he grabbed both sides of Nathan's head and guided him down his shaft. Nathan swallowed his cock, and then seconds later, came back up and kissed the tip, right before he engulfed him once more.

"Fuck! Nathan..."

This time, Nathan stayed down longer. The head of Damien's cock brushed the back of the other vampire's throat. The gentle caress of Nathan's muscles as they attempted to swallow him sent him into ecstasy.

Nathan's palms roamed over his abdomen and then along his sides. The next thing Damien knew, Nathan had flipped him, and he faced the mattress. Ragged breaths heated his nape, and the hard feel of his sire's erection pressed into the middle of Damien's back.

"I want your ass wrapped around my cock," Nathan growled in his ear, and then the sharp tip of a fang scrapped the outer rim. Chills skated along Damien's flesh, lifting every hair on his body.

"It's yours," Damien breathed. "Whatever you want is yours," he added with a moan.

The scratchy feel of Nathan's jean rubbed against his ass, driving Damien wild with delight. Was he going to fuck him wearing his clothes? Damien could only hope.

Nathan's hand brushed Damien's right cheek, and then the warm feel of his hard cock rested on his ass. Without warning, Nathan thrust his shaft between the cheeks of Damien's rear.

"Oh God," Damien moaned from the sudden onslaught.

Nathan pressed his shaft closer, bumping Damien's tight ring but not attempting to penetrate. Realization dawned as to what Nathan was after, and Damien squeezed his ass cheeks. Nathan groaned, and then a kiss landed in the center of Damien's back. His vampire lover continued to jack himself off, rocking back and forth until the crack of Damien's ass became slippery with precum.

Nathan slowed, and then his cock pressed at Damien's entrance.

"Fuck me." Damien glanced over his shoulder. "I want to feel you buried inside me."

"You're going to take my cock and like it, slut," Nathan snapped back.

Damien clenched with each nudge of Nathan's cock. Damn, the bloodsucker was huge. With Nathan's persistent rocking action, it wasn't much longer until he finally gave in and relaxed enough for Nathan to enter him. Nathan let out a loud moan and pushed deep inside. A curse tore from Damien's throat. But he wasn't sure if it was from the pain or the sudden wave of pleasure that surged through him.

Nathan yanked his hips in the air. Damien's shaft twitched with excitement as Nathan grabbed hold of it and stroked it with each thrust. His cock burned with anticipation. Each motion of Nathan's hand and his penetrating intrusions brought Damien closer to release. His balls drew tight. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to hold back the rush of his climax. *Not yet.* It was too good.

And then he was there.

He cried out as warm, thick strands shot from the head of his cock and onto the sheets. Clenching with each shot, he squeezed Nathan's cock, wanting him to feel the same rush. Nathan let out a loud moan, and his cock pulsed in Damien's ass. Nathan's rhythm faltered, and then he slowed to a halt. The sound of his lover's heavy breathing filled the room. Damien grinned to himself. It felt good to know he'd shaken the powerful vampire as much as Nathan had Damien.

A moment later, he pulled free and collapsed beside Damien. Nathan's icy blue gaze stared into his.

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"Now what?" Damien asked, brushing the damp strands of hair away from Nathan's face.

"Now we feed," Nathan said and moved away.

The bed dipped and then nothing lay beside him. It was an emptiness that he wished would be filled again soon. Nathan returned a moment later with clothes in hand.

"Come."

"We did. Remember?" Damien lifted a brow at his new fanged lover.

"I meant come with me, hot shot. We'll go together," Nathan said as he threw clothes on top of Damien. "I can show you where to hunt,"

"Can we at least shower first? I feel sticky."

"All right. But hurry up. I'm getting hungry."

"You keep reminding me."

Damien watched as Nathan stripped the remainder of his clothes off. He then led Nathan into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Within moments, the entire room filled with steam. Damien glanced at Nathan and his jaw dropped. The steam swirled around all the right areas and accentuated the contours of his body. He truly looked like an undead god; his, he hoped.

Holding the shower door open, Damien motioned for Nathan to proceed. He wanted a better look at his lover's ass. Nathan smirked as he passed him. Damien glanced down, and a sudden desire to know what that ass tasted like rode him hard.

Once in the shower, Damien turned toward Nathan and embraced him, locking lips again. The shower's spray drenched them as they entwined their tongues in a heated kiss. A nudge against Damien's cock drew his attention. He looked down and found Nathan ready for round two. It would have to wait until after feeding time, though; he too felt the urge to feed again. He engulfed Nathan's mouth in another kiss. So sweet yet firm. Nathan returned his passion like a carnivorous animal devouring his prey.

Breaking their kiss, Nathan stated, "We should wash up, so we can satisfy our needs."

"Aren't we doing that now?" Damien looked directly at Nathan.

Nathan chuckled. "No, my dear, if you don't drink soon, you'll become weak. We wouldn't want that now, would we?"

"No. I guess not." Damien rocked his hips into Nathan's. "But can't we satisfy these needs for a few more seconds?" He eased back and stroked Nathan's fully hard cock.

A moan escaped Nathan's lips. "You tempt me. But I am serious. Finish up in here, so we can get hunting."

"Spoil sport," Damien said, then stuck out his tongue.

"Careful." Nathan flashed a hint of fang. "I bite."

"Tease."

Damien quickly washed, making sure to take a few extra moments on his cock. He rubbed it till it got hard, and then slapped it against Nathan's leg.

"I know you want it." Damien winked.

"I want all of you," Nathan growled. "But food first."

Damien finished and turned toward Nathan as if for approval. Both men stood staring at each other, and Damien wanted to devour him right there. But it would have to wait. With a sigh, he broke the silence.

"All ready. Let's go." Damien stepped out of the shower, grabbed a towel, and then held one out for Nathan. He took the towel, and Damien followed him back into the bedroom.

After drying and dressing, Damien reached over to grab his wallet from the nightstand.

"You won't need that, remember? You won't be paying people to suck you off."

"Right, I'm the whore." Damien pulled his hand back. "I do the sucking. Is that what you were implying?"

"Exactly." Nathan smiled. "Just hurry. I'm hungry."

"So you keep saying." Damien hustled to the front door with Nathan on his heels. He turned the knob and then held the door open for Nathan. "Lead the way, oh powerful one." Damien chuckled.

Nathan's warm palm caressed Damien's cheek as he passed through the door. "That is precisely what I plan to do."

Biography

Originally from North Carolina, Christina Jade Loren traveled around most of the United States. Her father was in the military, so her household was always well organized and put together. When her family moved to California, she fell in love with the countryside, beaches, and the people. After her 23rd birthday, she moved out onto her own in Los Angeles.

Living on her own proved harder than initially thought. Her newly formed friends were there to guide her through the rough patches and see through the smog. Living in Los Angeles has proven one of her best decisions. She has met countless wonderful people and learned to rollerblade. On sunny afternoons, she can be found on beach paths or lost in a book on the beach.

Some of her favorite things include sunsets at the beach, listening to the waves breaking on shore, cats, and most of all girls night.

Christina loves to write stories. Most times, they only appear as a few paragraphs and nothing more. However, those small gems that grow into something larger is where her passion can be seen. She draws from her mind and her best friend, who happens to be gay. They pass around ideas and thoughts for stories; what would work, terminology, language.

She has been writing for almost a decade and finally had the urge to send some to a publisher. Her very first contract was for Break and Enter. And her second was for a running series, the first story called Turned. Check out her Books page for more details on those.

Visit her at ChristinaLoren.com

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